DEATH RATTLE™

NUMBER 16 • MATURE READERS • $2 ($2.60 CANADA)

Art by ROBERT BURGER

JAXON • WOLVERTON • HOLLAND • WILBER

Mayday! Mayday! Yes, it's ***that*** time of month again; time for ***Death Rattle***, which is Sweet 16 this issue. Never thought we'd make it, did you? Well, that's all right, because neither did we. To celebrate, we've once again asked artist **Robert Burger** to contribute a cover. The last time Burger's work appeared here was issue 13's cover, "Semi-Civilized Man." This time, he's illustrated a nightmarish aspect of the medical profession, an operating room scene. He had originally asked to illustrate a scene in the cashier's office, but we thought that was too gruesome—even for us.

Jaxon leads us off with another chapter in the Bulto saga, "Rabago's Reign." The plot thickens as the fiendish leader of the Spaniards tightens his hold on the silver mines, aided by a mysterious cowled figure. There are two more chapters in this tale of lust and greed in the southwest; we're getting close to some answers now...

The second story is another "Spacehawk" saga from the golden age, by **Basil Wolverton**. The story originally appeared in ***Target*** comics, and concerns space cops and some rats on Uranus who cross swords with "The Superhuman Enemy of Crime." Once again, Wolverton is a precise master of the weird. Take particular note of the botanical growths on the planet, and the strange architecture. Wolverton was one of the great ones, and this is one of his better early stories.

Finally, there's "Annie," written by **John Holland** and superbly illustrated by **Ron Wilber**. Their work has been seen in ***Critters***, and we hope to see more of it here soon. "Annie" is the story of a little girl who refuses to stay...dead. A chilling, poignant tale.

Staff

Editor/Publisher.....**Denis Kitchen**
Story Editor.....**Dave Schreiner**
Production.....**Jan Manweiler**
Circulation.....**Paula Meyer**

Watch for *Death Rattle* #17 in July!

Next issue: Will be on the stands in July, and it's going to be ***hot, hot, hot***! Our favorite island resident, **Rand Holmes**, is back with the cover and a **20-page** story written by **John Wooley**. It's called "Slide, Sinner, Slide," and it's about baseball, small towns, greed—and the devil. This is a great story; don't miss it! **Jaxon** chimes in with an 11-page "Bulto" story, the penultimate chapter in the saga of the silver god. That's right: a full 31-pages of story and art by **Rand Holmes** and **Jaxon**! Don't miss ***Death Rattle*** 17 in **July.**

Send some letters!

Death Rattle No. 16, May 1988. Published bi-monthly by Kitchen Sink Press, Inc., No. 2 Swamp Rd., Princeton WI 54968. Cover copyright © 1988 by **Robert Burger**; "Bulto" copyright © 1988 by **Jaxon**; "Spacehawk" reprinted through courtesy of Basil Wolverton estate. © 1988; "Annie" copyright © 1988 by **John Holland** and **Ron Wilber**. Entire contents copyright © 1988 by **Kitchen Sink Press, Inc.** All rights reserved. Price: $2.00 per copy in U.S., $2.50 in Canada. Submissions **must**, we say **must**, be accompanied by a **stamped, self-addressed envelope or we will not be responsible for replies or returns! We mean it! No kidding! Fair warning!** Printed in USA.

Art Carbunkle Scan: 06-2008

Bulto

RABAGO'S REIGN

YOU CAN WELL IMAGINE THE CONSTERNATION WITH WHICH WE WELCOMED OUR NEW COMMANDER. TRUE, CAPTAIN PARRILLA HAD MADE SOME BLUNDERS BUT HE WAS A SOLDIER, A MAN OF HONOR. NOW WE WERE SADDLED WITH THE BIGGEST PROFLIGATE IN NEW SPAIN!

AS USUAL FELIPE HAD A WOMAN WITH HIM, A VULGAR HUSSY WHOSE HUSBAND WAS COMPLIANT.

SMALL WONDER. EVEN THOUGH HE WAS AN ILLITERATE MIXED-BLOOD, FELIPE HAD MADE HIM SECOND IN COMMAND AT SAN SABA!

FATHER LOPEZ AND HIS FRANCISCANS LEFT IN A HUFF THE SAME DAY.

I'LL NOT ADMINISTER SACRAMENTS TO A MURDEROUS FIEND!!

IT DIDN'T MATTER TO FELIPE BECAUSE HE HAD BROUGHT HIS OWN PRIEST WITH HIM, A SINISTER LOOKING "JESUIT" WHO KEPT HIS FACE COWLED.

THE PRESIDIO WAS IN BAD SHAPE. BUT RABAGO ROSE TO THE CHALLENGE, ESPECIALLY AFTER HE LEARNED OUR SECRET.

TELL ME ABOUT THESE RUMORS OF A SILVER MINE HEREABOUTS..

JUST RUMORS, SIRE..

IT WAS IMPOSSIBLE TO KEEP IT FROM HIM. WHATEVER FELIPE WAS, HE WAS NO FOOL.

NO SILVER, EH GUZMÁN? AND I SUPPOSE THIS IS JUST A FANCY OUTHOUSE.

UNDER THREAT OF TORTURE, DON JOSEF AND I SHOWED HIM THE CAVE.

NOT BAD! NOT BAD AT ALL!!

HE HAD A KEEN EYE FOR OTHER PROMISING SITES.

WE'LL WORK THIS PLACE NEXT. THE VEIN IS ASTOUNDING!

RABAGO SOON KNEW THE WEALTH OF THE MINES AND HE MEANT TO HAVE THE *STRONGEST* PRESIDIO ON THE FRONTIER TO PROTECT THEM.

THESE OLD SHACKS, THAT STOCKADE, ALL MUST BE REPLACED WITH STONE.

HE WORKED HIS SOLDIERS LIKE *SLAVES*, BUILDING THE FORT AND HAULING ORE.

WE'LL HAVE DECENT QUARTERS BY WINTER AT THIS RATE.

THE MEN GRUMBLED, MOST OF ALL THOSE WHOSE WIVES HE DESPOILED, BUT THE NEW CAPTAIN INCREASED HIS HOLD OVER US, SLOWLY BUT SURELY.

TSK TSK. THE BOOKS SHOW YOU DEEPLY IN DEBT RAMON. BUT I VALUE YOUR *LOYALTY*... SO HERE'S THE FRIJOLES YOU WANT.

GRACIAS JEFE

THOSE WHO TRIED TO DESERT WERE DEALT WITH HARSHLY. FELIPE LOVED TO WORK PEOPLE OVER, AND SO DID HIS SADISTIC CRONIES.

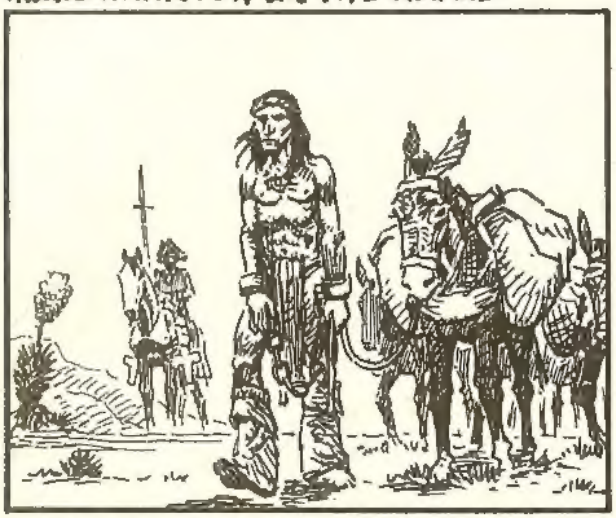
YOU TAKE OVER FOR AWHILE, CHICO. MY ARM IS GETTING TIRED!

MOAN..

MEANWHILE, THE BARS OF SILVER WERE PILING UP. CAPT. RABAGO HAD A SPECIAL ROOM FOR THEM IN HIS NEW BLOCKHOUSE. THE SIGHT MADE HIS WOMEN CRAZY WITH DESIRE!

FELIPE
OH GOD-AH
DON'T STOP!
AAAH AHOHOH

WHEN THE ROOM FILLED UP HE WOULD LOAD THE BARS ON PACK MULES AND HEAD TO THE MONTE WITH A FEW CAPTIVE INDIANS.



THE STRING OF MULES CAME BACK BUT THE CAPTIVES WERE NEVER SEEN AGAIN.

I SET THEM FREE FOR THEIR DEVOTED SERVICE HA HA

MORE INDIANS WERE ROUNDED UP TO REPLACE THEM IN THE MINES.

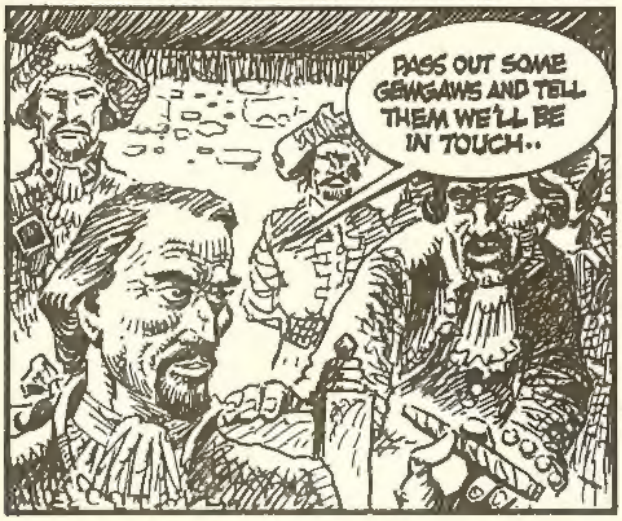
MOVE, YOU TURD MUNCHERS!

YES AMIGOS, RABAGO HAD A CHANGE OF HEART ABOUT REDUCING THE HEATHENS. HE KNEW HOW SILVER WAS MINED IN ZACATECAS — WITH SLAVE LABOR!

HE SENT ME OFF TO GET COYOTE TWO FEET'S APACHES AND TRIED TO INTEREST THEM IN "SETTLING DOWN."

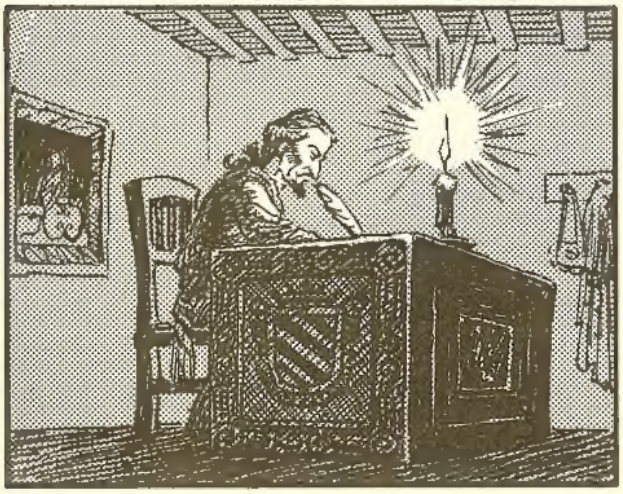
LIKE RABAGO, THE APACHES WERE NOBODY'S FOOL. THEY COULD SEE THE *GREED* IN HIS EYES, THE WAY HE COVETED ZULTHU'S SILVER.

FINE, SAID THE CAPTAIN; HE HAD PLENTY OF TIME. THE MINES AT SAN SABA WERE PRODUCING WEALTH FASTER THAN HE COULD HIDE IT ANYWAY. NO RUSH.



BEFORE LEAVING, THE ONE-HANDED SHAMAN HAD A BRIEF, HUSHED CONVERSATION WITH THE "JESUIT." AN OBJECT PASSED BETWEEN THEM.

AFTER THIS POW-WOW FELIPE WROTE THE FATHER PRESIDENT OF THE RIO BRAVO MISSIONS, INVITING HIM TO COME AND RE-ESTABLISH THE MISSION THAT THE NORTENOS HAD BURNED TO THE GROUND.



THEY LIKED THE IDEA. MAYBE HE HINTED AT THE RICH MINES; MAYBE THEY ALREADY KNEW...

BUT BEFORE THEY ARRIVED FELIPE SENT HIS MYSTERIOUS BLACK-ROBED COMPANION OFF TO THE HILLS, ALONE. WE WERE FORBIDDEN TO SPEAK OF HIM..

THE PRIESTS FROM THE BRAVO WERE IMPRESSED BY THE CHANGE IN THE CONTROVERSIAL OFFICER.

WELL PADRE, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE PLAN?

I MUST SAY, WE ARE WARMED AT YOUR ZEAL FOR CONVERTING THE PAGANS, SEÑOR.

HE AND FRAY XIMENEZ DECIDED ON A SITE FOR THEIR NEW MISSION, SAN LORENZO OF THE HOLY CROSS..

HERE, IN THIS VALLEY HIGH ON THE NUECES. OUR APACHES FAVOR THE SPOT.

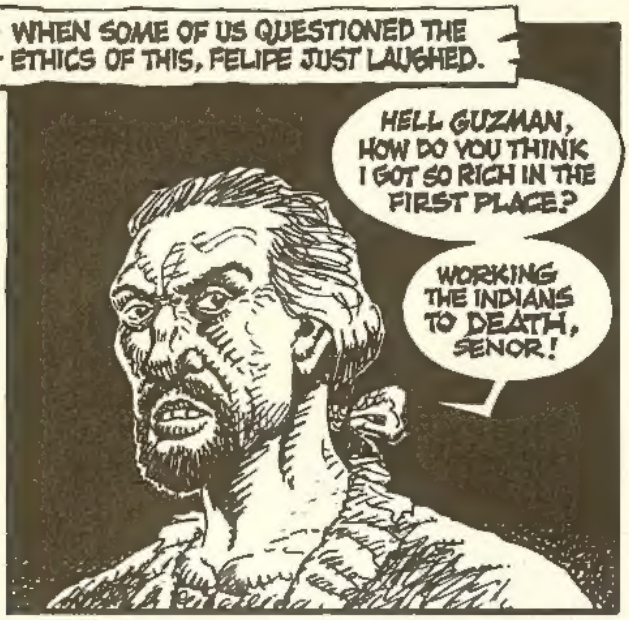
SURE ENOUGH, THE MAIMED MEDICINE MAN SHOWED UP WITH 400 OF HIS PEOPLE FOR THE GROUND-BREAKING CEREMONY.

BROTHERS!! TODAY OUR HEARTS ARE GLAD..

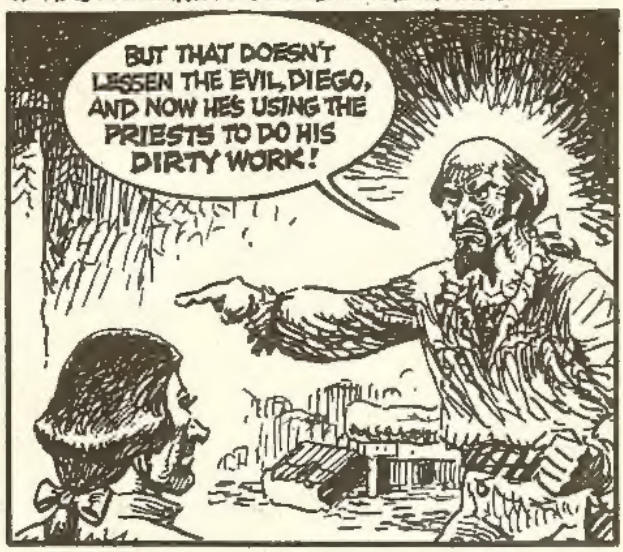
ANOTHER BAND LED BY CHIEF 'CROSS-EYED' ASKED FOR A MISSION NEARBY. THE PRIESTS WERE OVERJOYED.

SO WAS CAPT. RABAGO. HE SETTLED BACK AND WAITED FOR THE PADRES TO TAME HIS MINERS.

WHEN SOME OF US QUESTIONED THE ETHICS OF THIS, FELIPE JUST LAUGHED.



MY PATRÓN LATER ADMITTED TO ME THAT IT WAS A COMMON PRACTICE IN THE INTERIOR.

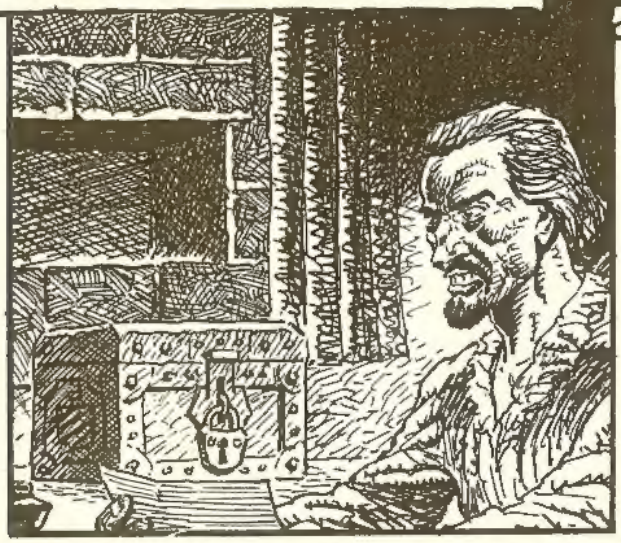


MEANWHILE, WE WERE ACTIVE. FELIPE WANTED TO SEE ALMAGRES; COCHATA'S BULTO WAS QUIET..

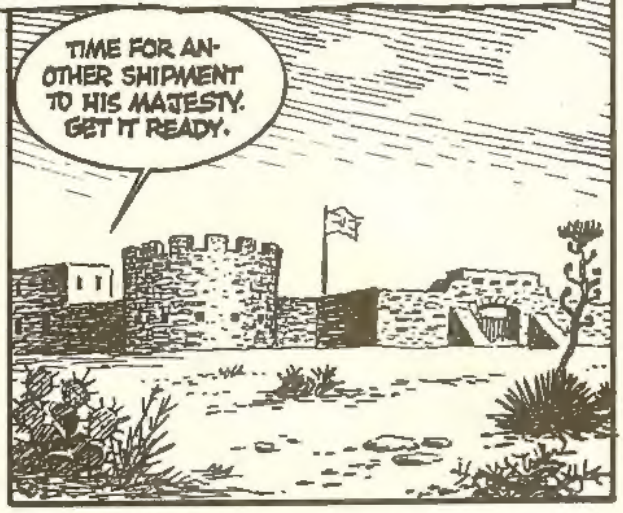
HE MADE A CAREFUL CHART OF EACH NEW PLACE WE FOUND. FELIPE RABAGO WAS A METICULOUS MAN, IN SPITE OF HIS PASSION FOR THE WOMEN.

SOME HE MARKED WITH CANNONBALLS FILLED WITH GOLD NUGGETS, MUCH LIKE FRAY LOPEZ'S METHODS.

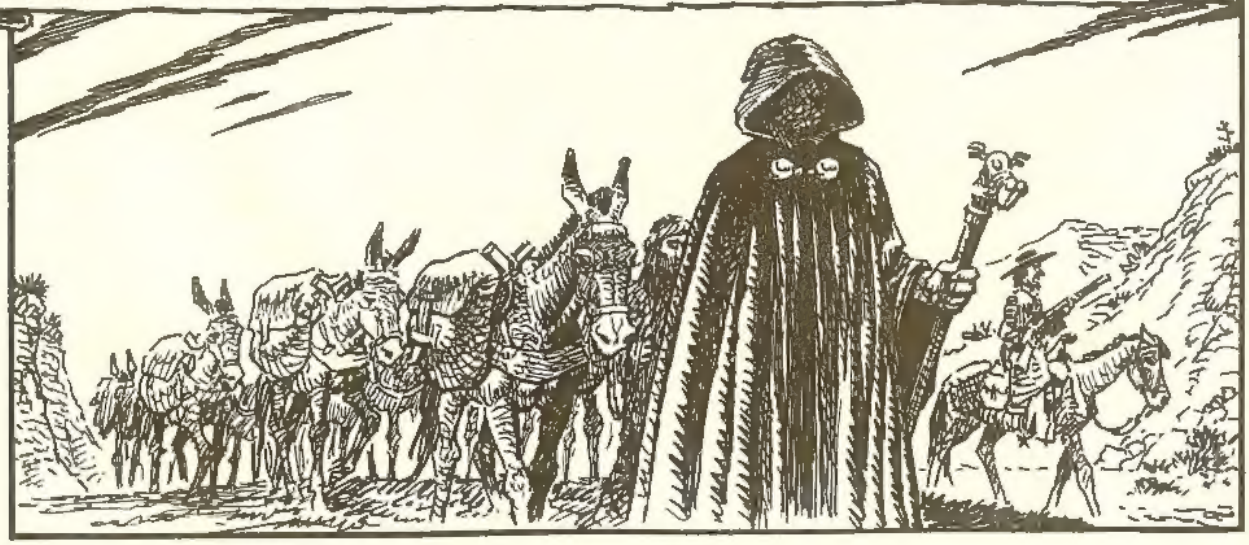
AND LIKE THE PRIEST, FELIPE KEPT HIS DIAGRAMS LOCKED UP IN A STRONGBOX.



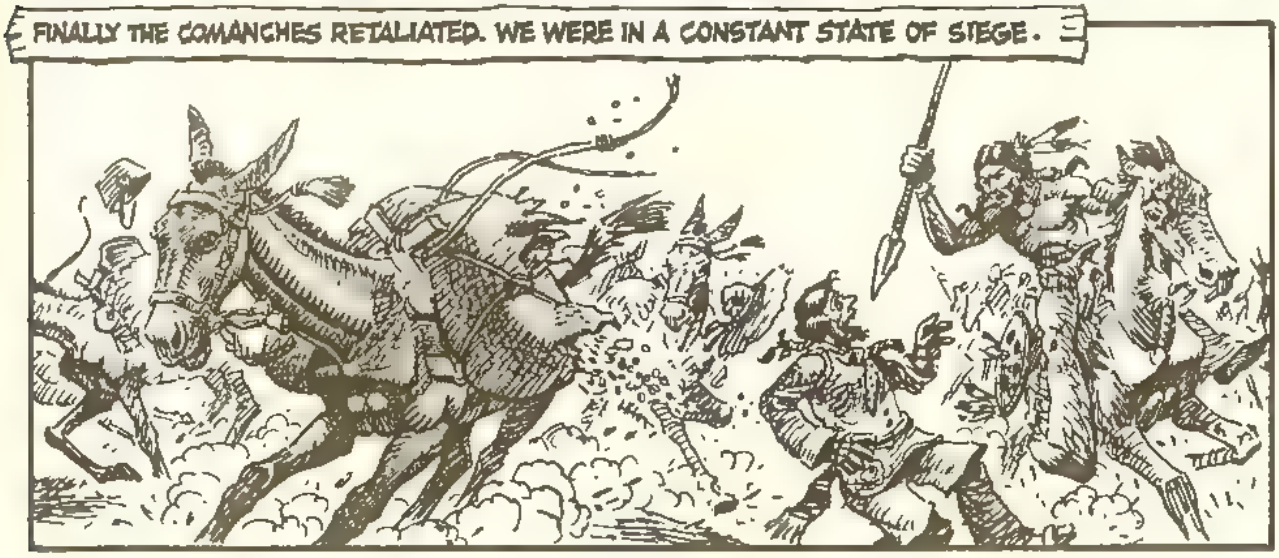
ALL THIS TIME, THE CAPTAIN WAS HOARDING SILVER, LYING TO US BY SAYING HE WAS SENDING IT TO THE ROYAL EXCHEQUER IN POTOSI.



WE WEREN'T FOOLED. THE KING'S ROAD LAY TO THE SOUTH BUT FELIPE'S LITTLE PACKTRAINS, AFTER HEADING THAT WAY, TURNED OFF THE CAMINO REAL TO GO EAST, WEST, AND NORTH!



EACH NIGHT AFTER HIS BLACK-ROBED SHADOW RETURNED, LIGHTNING FLICKERED AND THUNDER RUMBLED ON SOME FAR HORIZON. THE "JESUIT" OBVIOUSLY HAD MASTERED RITES THAT THE APACHE BRUJO WOULD ENVY.



THE STREAM OF SILVER BECAME A MERE TRICKLE.

ANGERED, FELIPE SENT SOLDIERS TO SAN LORENZO.

THE TREACHEROUS SHAMAN AND HIS WARRIORS WERE HAULED TO THE MINE NEAREST OUR PRESIDIO.

THE APACHE WOMEN, OF COURSE, WERE DOLED OUT TO THE CAPTAIN'S HENCHMEN.

BUT NOT BEFORE HIS PERSONAL SPIRITUAL ADVISOR HAD "CONSECRATED" THEM.

DO NOT BE AFRAID OF ME, CHILD..

...THERE IS NOTHING TO FEAR..

THEIR HORRIBLE SHRIEKS PIERCED THE DARKNESS AND WE COULD ONLY GUESS AT WHAT WENT ON IN THE PRIEST'S CELL..

YIIIEEEEE

FELIPE'S CRONIES DIDN'T MIND: AFTER A NIGHT WITH THE SO-CALLED "JESUIT" THE INDIAN WOMEN GLADLY SUBMITTED TO THEIR MOST DEPRAVED WHIM— AS IF ANYTHING WAS BETTER THAN BEING SENT BACK TO HIM.

WHIMPER...

HA HA HA

AT THIS LOW POINT, NEWS REACHED US THAT THE KING'S INSPECTOR-GENERAL WAS ENROUTE TO PRESIDIO SAN SABA.

jason·88

To Be Continued..

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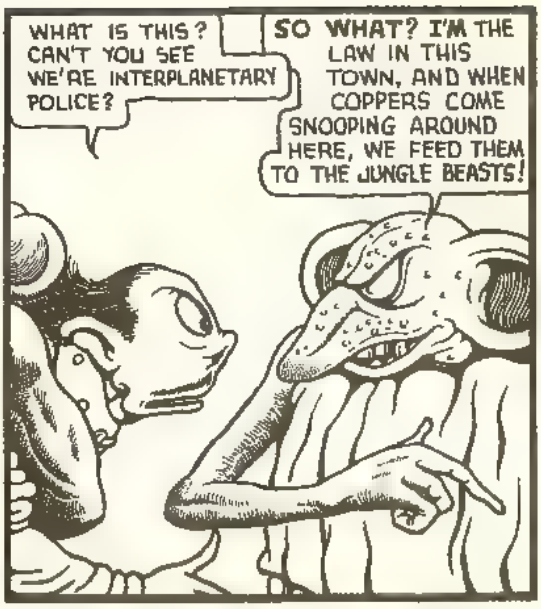
SPACEHAWK

• THE SUPERHUMAN ENEMY OF CRIME •

by BASIL WOLVERTON

THE URANIAN PIRATES SWIFTLY OVERCOME THE UNSUSPECTING POLICE...

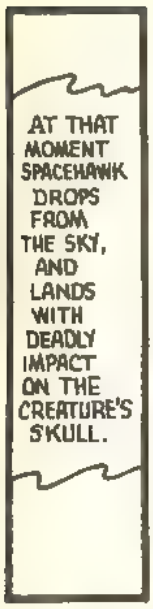

WHAT IS THIS? CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE INTERPLANETARY POLICE?
SO WHAT? I'M THE LAW IN THIS TOWN, AND WHEN COPPERS COME SNOOPING AROUND HERE, WE FEED THEM TO THE JUNGLE BEASTS!

OVER THE WALL WITH THESE SWINE WHO CALL THEMSELVES THE LAW!

AS THE MEN ARE HURLED TO THE GROUND FAR BELOW, FIERCE JUNGLE MONSTERS RUSH FORTH TO DEVOUR THEM.

ONLY SLIGHTLY INJURED BY HIS FALL, CAPTAIN DAKK MIRACULOUSLY DARTS FROM UNDER THE SNARLING BEASTS, AND RUNS FOR THE JUNGLE...

MINUTES LATER HE IS DEEP WITHIN THE HEAVY VEGETATION, AND SAFE FROM THE URANIANS. THEN SUDDENLY A JUNGLE BAT SWOOPS UPON HIM.....


AT THAT MOMENT SPACEHAWK DROPS FROM THE SKY, AND LANDS WITH DEADLY IMPACT ON THE CREATURE'S SKULL.

HE LEAPS FROM THE STUNNED BAT JUST BEFORE IT CRASHES.....

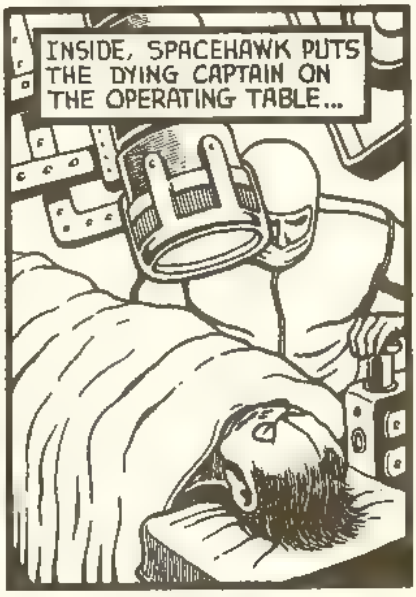
—AND GOES TO CAPTAIN DAKK, WHO HAS FALLEN FROM THE TREE.

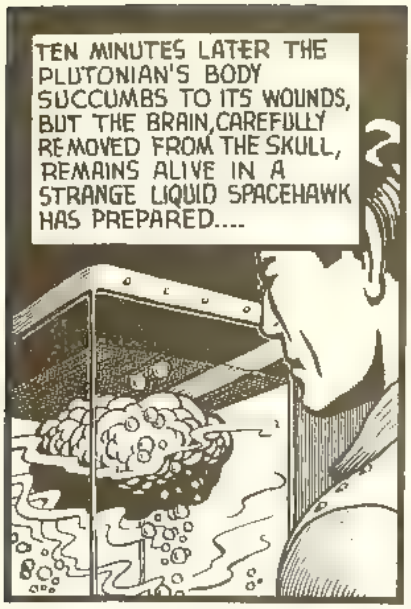
SPACEHAWK! IF ONLY YOU'D ARRIVED SOONER! MY CREW IS DEAD, AND THIS IS THE END OF ME!
TAKE IT EASY, CAPTAIN DAKK! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO!

IT'S TOO LATE TO SAVE MY BODY! BUT MY BRAIN— YOU COULD SAVE IT! WITH YOUR GREAT SURGICAL KNOWLEDGE, YOU COULD GRAFT IT INTO ONE OF THE BEASTS OF THIS JUNGLE! PERHAPS THEN I COULD AVENGE MY MEN!
I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT YOU'RE ASKING, CAPTAIN!

PLEASE! THERE'S NOTHING TO LOSE! I HAVE ONLY A FEW MINUTES LEFT!
ALL RIGHT! I'LL TRY! BUT I CAN'T SAY JUST HOW THIS WILL TURN OUT!

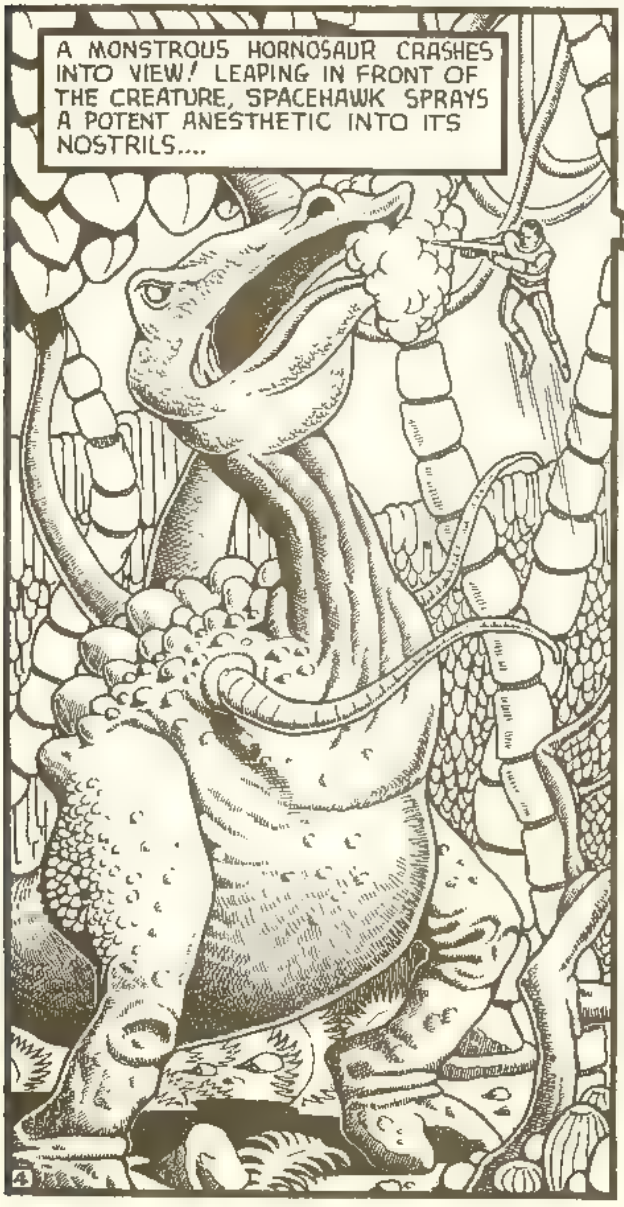
A TELEPATHIC SIGNAL TO HIS ROBOT PILOT BRINGS SPACEHAWK'S SHIP INTO THE JUNGLE.....

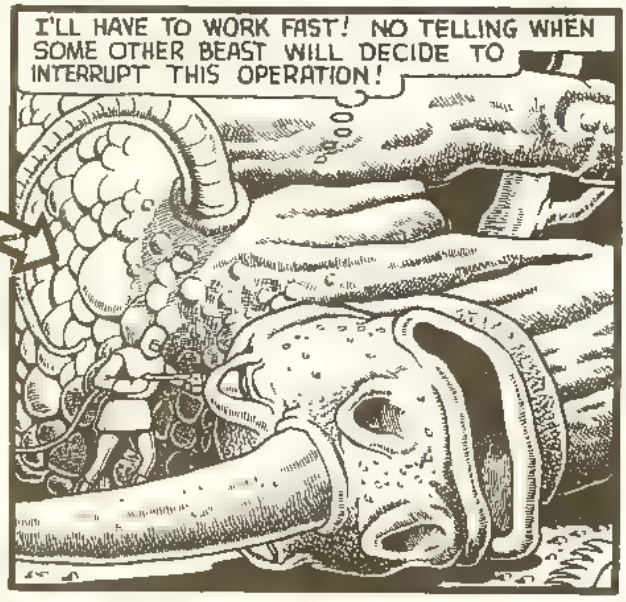

INSIDE, SPACEHAWK PUTS THE DYING CAPTAIN ON THE OPERATING TABLE...


TEN MINUTES LATER THE PLUTONIAN'S BODY SUCCUMBS TO ITS WOUNDS, BUT THE BRAIN, CAREFULLY REMOVED FROM THE SKULL, REMAINS ALIVE IN A STRANGE LIQUID SPACEHAWK HAS PREPARED....

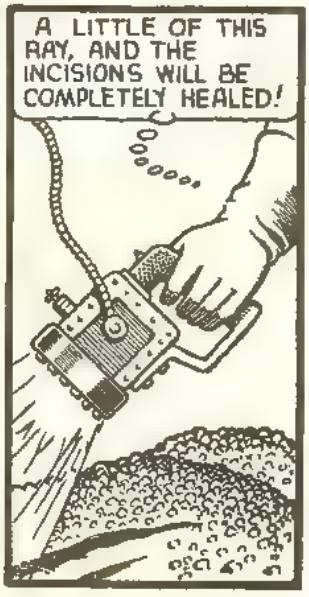
NOW TO CAPTURE SOME CREATURE IN WHICH TO PLANT THE BRAIN!

SPACEHAWK PATIENTLY WAITS AT THE DOOR OF HIS SHIP. PRESENTLY THE GROUND QUAKES WITH THE APPROACH OF A BEAST. THE JUNGLE GROWTHS PART, AND ——

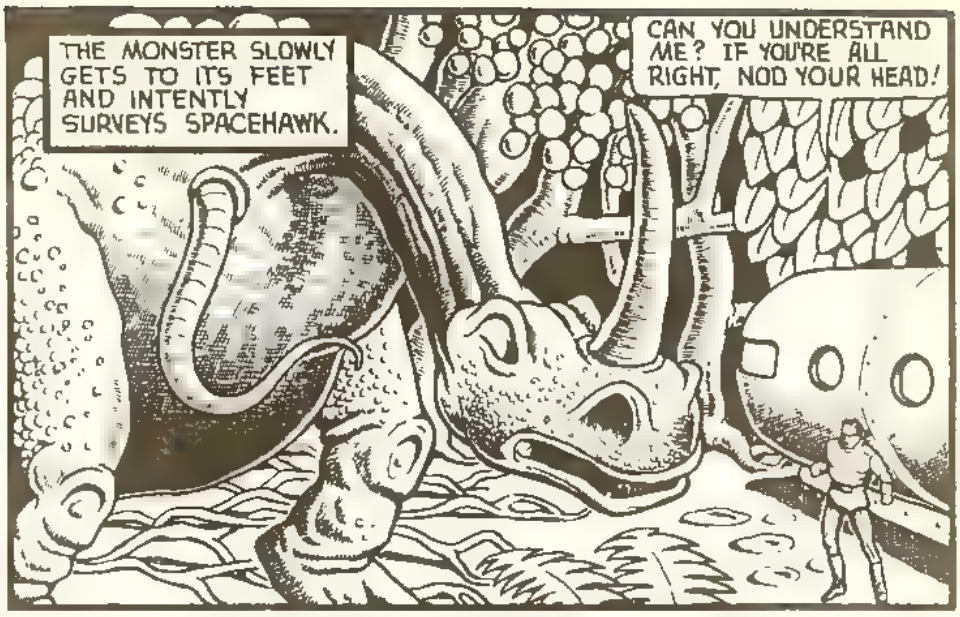

A MONSTROUS HORNOSAUR CRASHES INTO VIEW! LEAPING IN FRONT OF THE CREATURE, SPACEHAWK SPRAYS A POTENT ANESTHETIC INTO ITS NOSTRILS....
4


I'LL HAVE TO WORK FAST! NO TELLING WHEN SOME OTHER BEAST WILL DECIDE TO INTERRUPT THIS OPERATION!

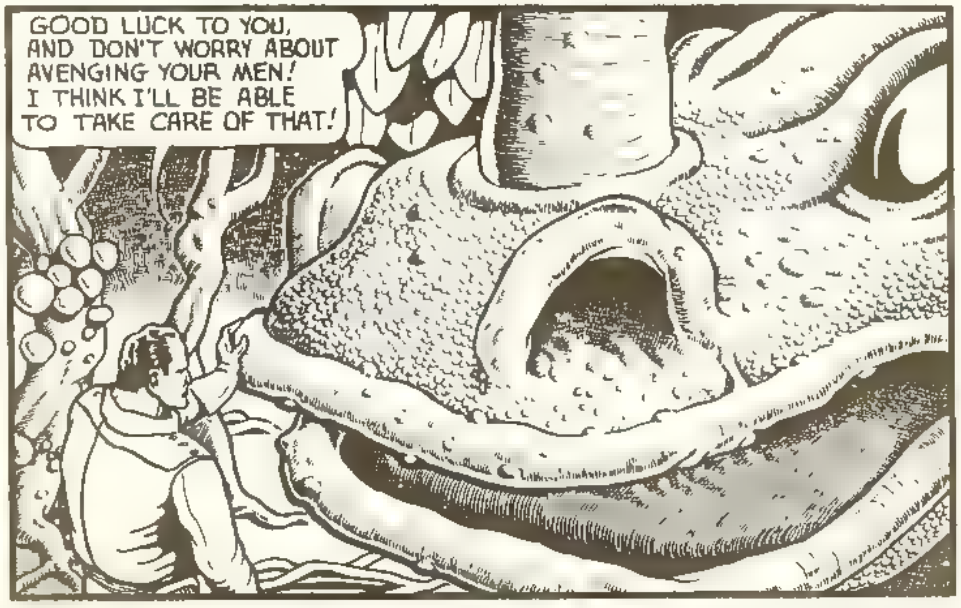
LEAVING IN THAT PART OF THE BRAIN WHICH CONTROLS THE HORNOSAURS MUSCLES, SPACEHAWK REMOVES THE REST, AND SKILLFULLY SUBSTITUTES THE HUMAN BRAIN OF CAPTAIN DAKK.

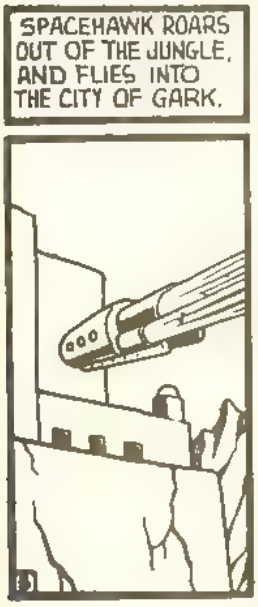

A LITTLE OF THIS RAY, AND THE INCISIONS WILL BE COMPLETELY HEALED!

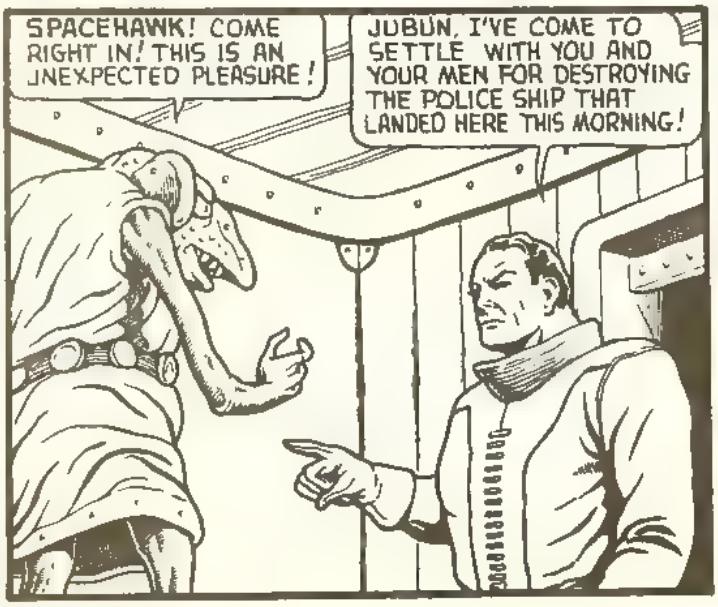
HE SHOULD RECOVER FROM THE ANESTHETIC ANY MINUTE NOW! YES — HE'S BEGINNING TO MOVE!

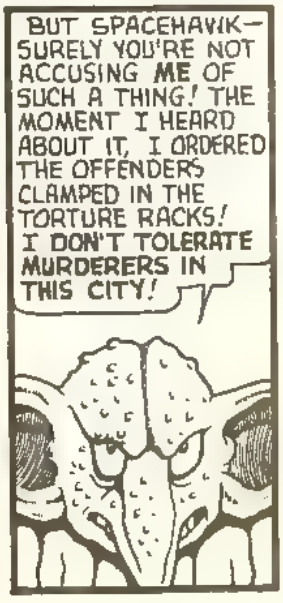

THE MONSTER SLOWLY GETS TO ITS FEET AND INTENTLY SURVEYS SPACEHAWK.
CAN YOU UNDERSTAND ME? IF YOU'RE ALL RIGHT, NOD YOUR HEAD!

HE'S NODDING HIS HEAD! THE OPERATION IS A SUCCESS, BUT THE POOR BRUTE WILL NEVER BE ABLE TO TALK!

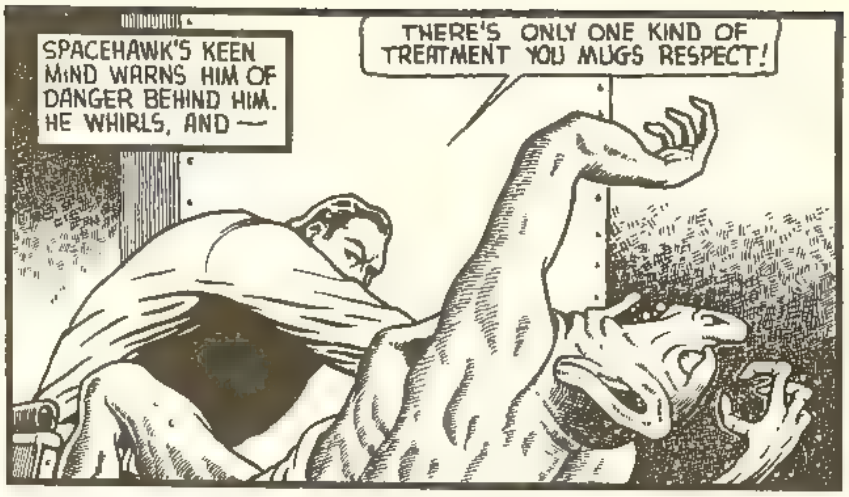

GOOD LUCK TO YOU, AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT AVENGING YOUR MEN! I THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO TAKE CARE OF THAT!

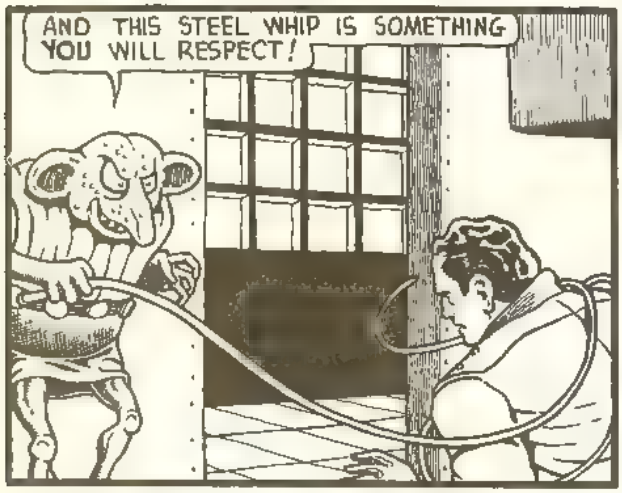

SPACEHAWK ROARS OUT OF THE JUNGLE, AND FLIES INTO THE CITY OF GARK.

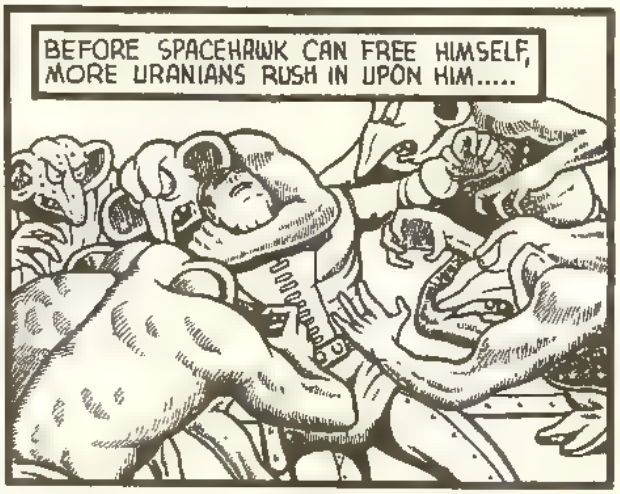

SPACEHAWK! COME RIGHT IN! THIS IS AN UNEXPECTED PLEASURE!
JUBUN, I'VE COME TO SETTLE WITH YOU AND YOUR MEN FOR DESTROYING THE POLICE SHIP THAT LANDED HERE THIS MORNING!

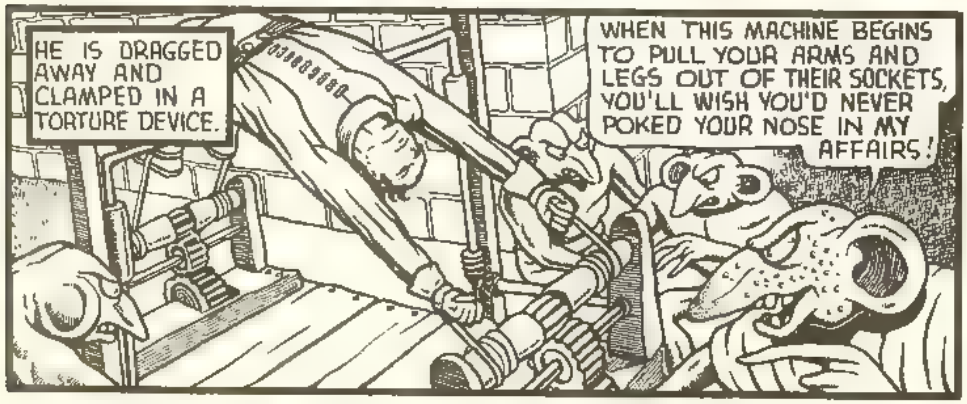

BUT SPACEHAWK— SURELY YOU'RE NOT ACCUSING ME OF SUCH A THING! THE MOMENT I HEARD ABOUT IT, I ORDERED THE OFFENDERS CLAMPED IN THE TORTURE RACKS! I DON'T TOLERATE MURDERERS IN THIS CITY!

I'M NOT HERE TO LISTEN TO YOUR LIES, JUBUN! YOU AND YOUR FOLLOWERS HAVE TO PAY FOR YOUR CRIMES, AND I'M HERE TO SEE THAT YOU DO PAY!

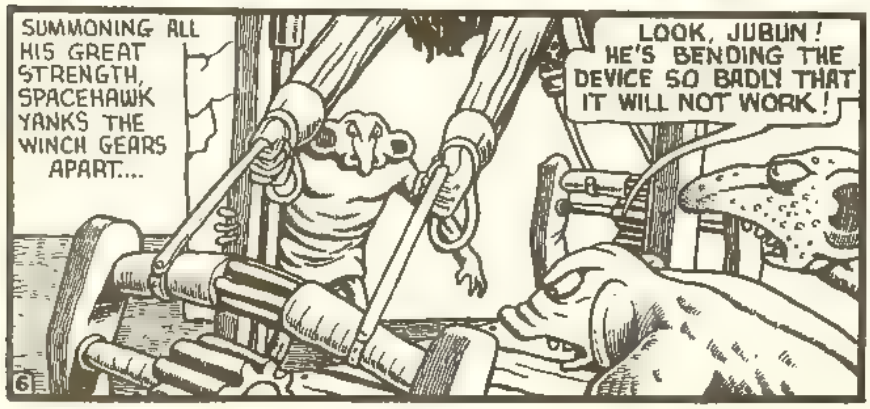

SPACEHAWK'S KEEN MIND WARNS HIM OF DANGER BEHIND HIM. HE WHIRLS, AND —
THERE'S ONLY ONE KIND OF TREATMENT YOU MUGS RESPECT!


AND THIS STEEL WHIP IS SOMETHING YOU WILL RESPECT!

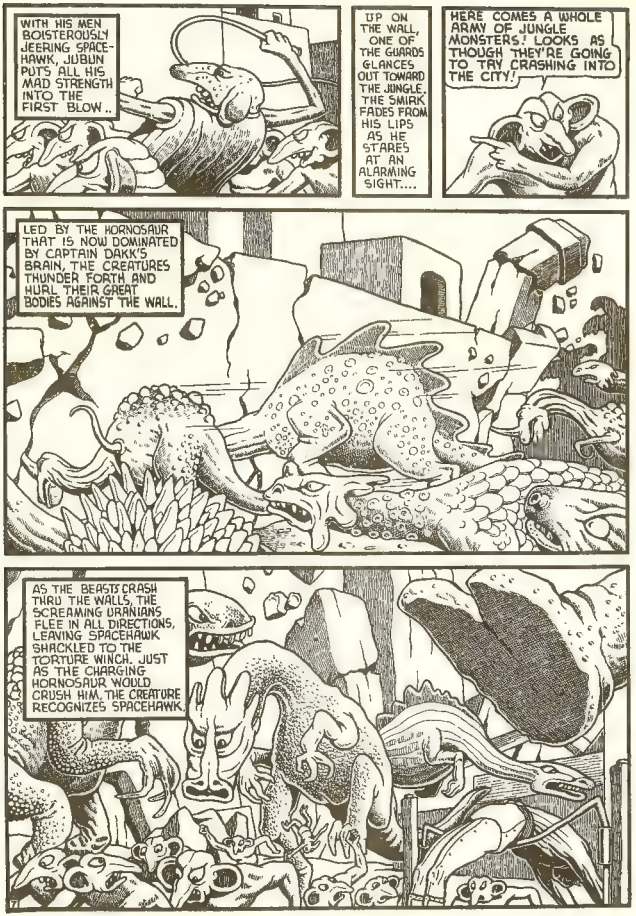

BEFORE SPACEHAWK CAN FREE HIMSELF, MORE URANIANS RUSH IN UPON HIM.....


HE IS DRAGGED AWAY AND CLAMPED IN A TORTURE DEVICE.
WHEN THIS MACHINE BEGINS TO PULL YOUR ARMS AND LEGS OUT OF THEIR SOCKETS, YOU'LL WISH YOU'D NEVER POKED YOUR NOSE IN MY AFFAIRS!

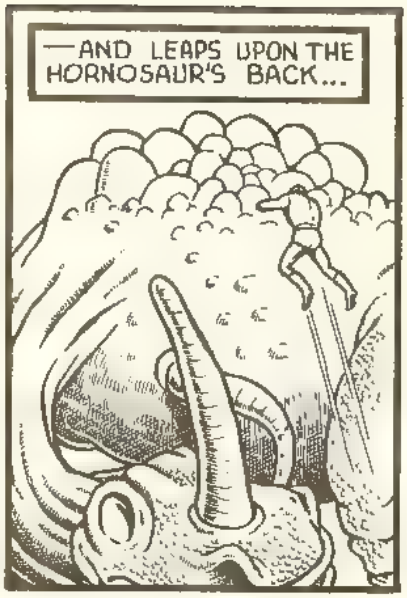
START IT UP, YOU MEN! AND DON'T RUN IT TOO FAST! I WANT HIM TO SUFFER PLENTY BEFORE IT PULLS HIM APART!

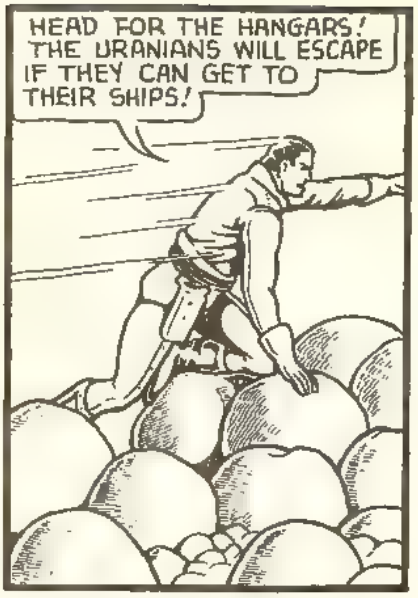

SUMMONING ALL HIS GREAT STRENGTH, SPACEHAWK YANKS THE WINCH GEARS APART....
LOOK, JUBUN! HE'S BENDING THE DEVICE SO BADLY THAT IT WILL NOT WORK!
6

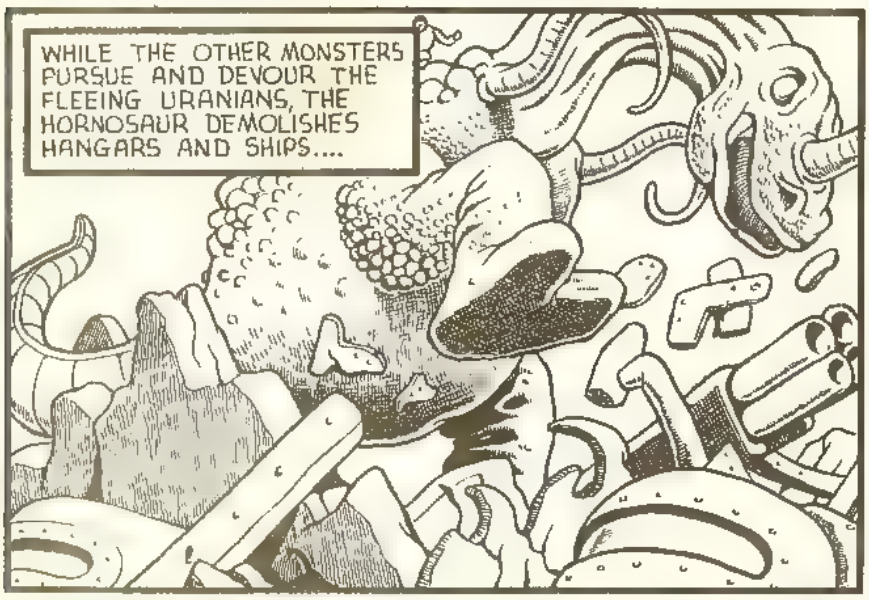
STAND BACK, EVERY ONE! I'LL FLOG THE LIFE OUT OF HIM RIGHT NOW!


WITH HIS MEN BOISTEROUSLY JEERING SPACE-HAWK, JUBUN PUTS ALL HIS MAD STRENGTH INTO THE FIRST BLOW..
UP ON THE WALL, ONE OF THE GUARDS GLANCES OUT TOWARD THE JUNGLE. THE SMIRK FADES FROM HIS LIPS AS HE STARES AT AN ALARMING SIGHT....
HERE COMES A WHOLE ARMY OF JUNGLE MONSTERS! LOOKS AS THOUGH THEY'RE GOING TO TRY CRASHING INTO THE CITY!
LED BY THE HORNOSAUR THAT IS NOW DOMINATED BY CAPTAIN DARK'S BRAIN, THE CREATURES THUNDER FORTH AND HURL THEIR GREAT BODIES AGAINST THE WALL.
AS THE BEASTS CRASH THRU THE WALLS, THE SCREAMING URANIANS FLEE IN ALL DIRECTIONS, LEAVING SPACEHAWK SHACKLED TO THE TORTURE WINCH. JUST AS THE CHARGING HORNOSAUR WOULD CRUSH HIM, THE CREATURE RECOGNIZES SPACEHAWK.

WITH ONE MORE HERCULEAN EFFORT, SPACEHAWK WRENCHES HIMSELF FREE.

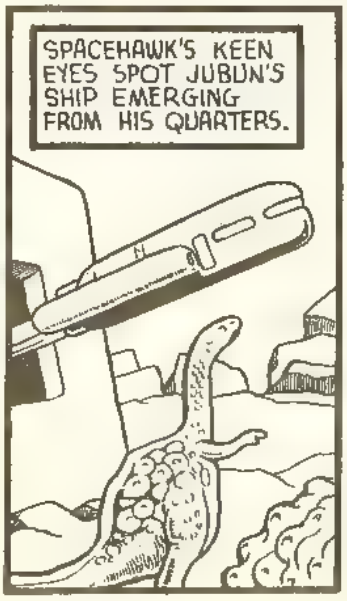

—AND LEAPS UPON THE HORNOSAUR'S BACK...


HEAD FOR THE HANGARS! THE URANIANS WILL ESCAPE IF THEY CAN GET TO THEIR SHIPS!


WHILE THE OTHER MONSTERS PURSUE AND DEVOUR THE FLEEING URANIANS, THE HORNOSAUR DEMOLISHES HANGARS AND SHIPS....

JUBUN, WHO HAS DARTED TO SAFETY AT THE FIRST SIGN OF DANGER, RUSHES TO HIS PRIVATE HANGAR...

THOSE BRUTES WILL GET SPACEHAWK AND MY MEN, BUT THEY WON'T GET ME!

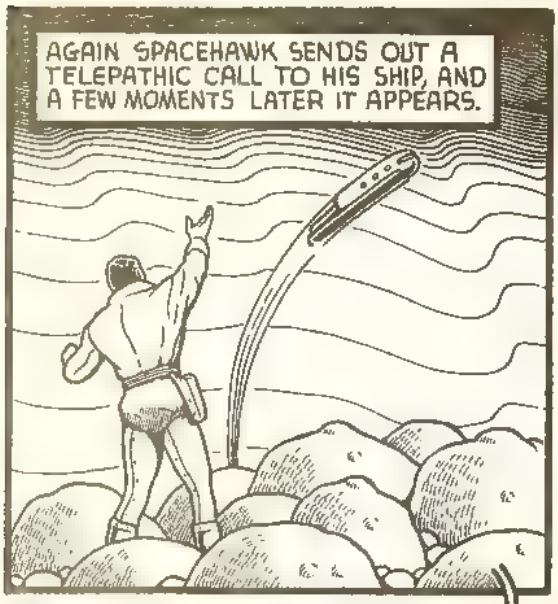

SPACEHAWK'S KEEN EYES SPOT JUBUN'S SHIP EMERGING FROM HIS QUARTERS.

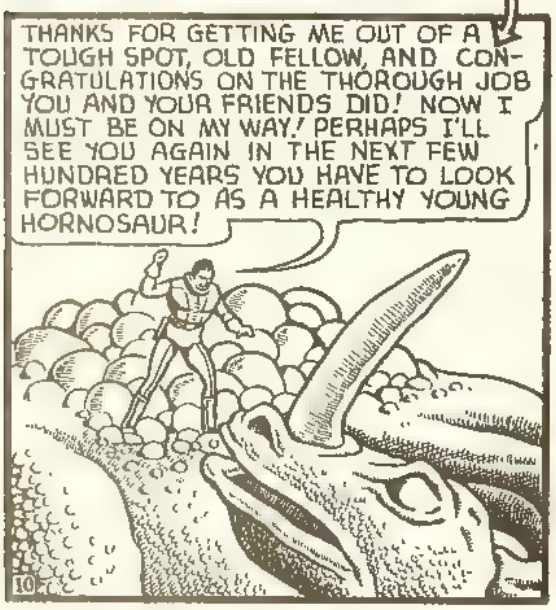
THERE GOES JUBUN! WE CAN'T LET HIM ESCAPE!

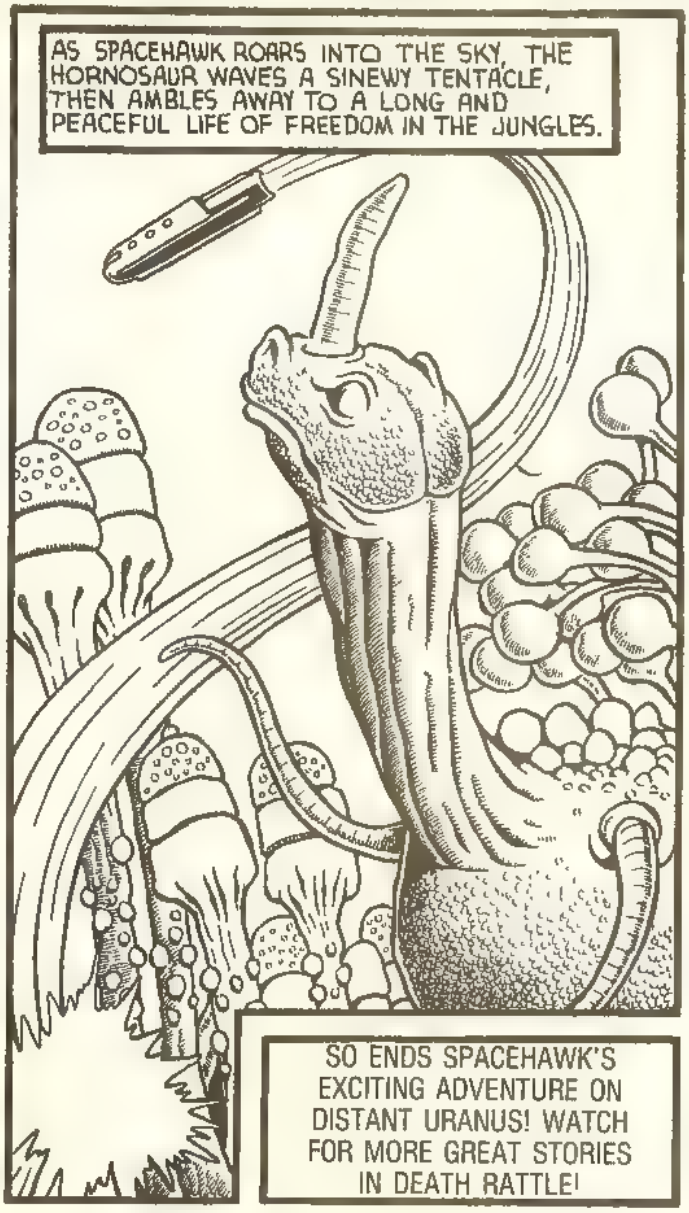
THE HORNOSAUR LUNGES TOWARD THE SHIP, AND RIPS IT OPEN.....
JUBUN LEAPS OUT BEFORE THE CRAFT CRASHES....
NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A DOSE OF THE SORT OF STUFF YOU'VE BEEN HANDING OUT TO OTHERS!
SPACEHAWK! HOW DID YOU—? LOOK OUT! THAT MONSTER WILL KILL US!
NEVER FEAR! THIS BEAST IS AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE! TO PROVE IT, I'LL HAVE HIM TAKE US FOR A RIDE OUT TOWARD THE JUNGLE, WHERE IT'S MUCH MORE PEACEFUL AND QUIET!
LET ME GO! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'LL BOTH BE KILLED?

NOT BOTH OF US, JUBUN! JUST YOU! OFF YOU GO, AND YOU'RE GETTING MORE OF A BREAK THAN YOU GAVE THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE!
HELP!

THE SMALLER JUNGLE CREATURES, LYING IN WAIT FOR URANIANS FLEEING FROM THE CITY, MAKE SHORT WORK OF JUBUN....


AGAIN SPACEHAWK SENDS OUT A TELEPATHIC CALL TO HIS SHIP, AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER IT APPEARS.


THANKS FOR GETTING ME OUT OF A TOUGH SPOT, OLD FELLOW, AND CONGRATULATIONS ON THE THOROUGH JOB YOU AND YOUR FRIENDS DID! NOW I MUST BE ON MY WAY! PERHAPS I'LL SEE YOU AGAIN IN THE NEXT FEW HUNDRED YEARS YOU HAVE TO LOOK FORWARD TO AS A HEALTHY YOUNG HORNOSAUR!
10


AS SPACEHAWK ROARS INTO THE SKY, THE HORNOSAUR WAVES A SINEWY TENTACLE, THEN AMBLES AWAY TO A LONG AND PEACEFUL LIFE OF FREEDOM IN THE JUNGLES.
SO ENDS SPACEHAWK'S EXCITING ADVENTURE ON DISTANT URANUS! WATCH FOR MORE GREAT STORIES IN DEATH RATTLE!

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That's right! Volume 1 of Al Capp's *Li'l Abner* is coming in April, and in it, you'll meet Abner, Daisy Mae, Mammy, Pappy and a host of others as they were created in 1934 and 1935. Over 230 pages, reproducing every single daily strip from syndicate proofs! The introduction is by Catherine Capp, Al Capp's wife and first assistant on the strip! There's an article by Capp himself and a short history of events surrounding the creation of *Li'l Abner*! Find out why *Li'l Abner* has been called the greatest comic strip ever produced! Retailers: it's available from every distributor! Readers: it's available from finer comics shops, and via subscription if unavailable elsewhere! Proudly published by:

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A Graphic Novel by Will Eisner

A LIFE FORCE

Will Eisner

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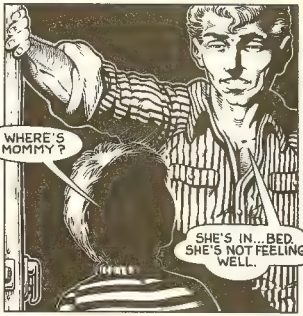
ANNIE
IT WAS A HOT AFTERNOON WHEN DANNY SAW HIS SISTER FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE HER DEATH.
I THOUGHT YOU WENT TO HEAVEN WITH THE ANGELS, ANNIE?
I'M STILL HERE, AIN'T I?
BUT DADDY SAID--
I DON'T CARE WHAT DADDY SAID! HE WAS WRONG!
I'M STILL HERE, AND I'M NOT GOING!
ARE YOU HERE FOR ALWAYS?
I HAFTA LEAVE SOON, BUT I'LL COME BACK.
LET'S PLAY.
1.

DANNY!
TIME TO EAT!
COMING!


WHERE'S MOMMY?
SHE'S IN...BED. SHE'S NOT FEELING WELL.

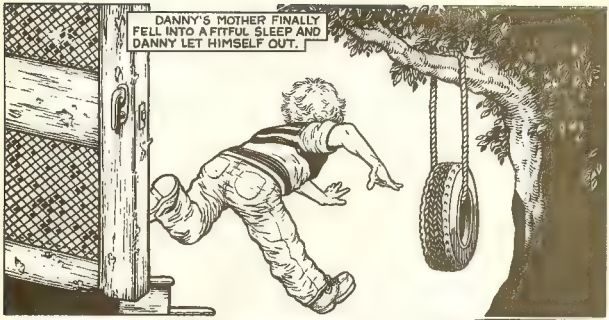
HOW'S PEANUT BUTTER SANDWICHES SOUND, DANNY?
GREAT!
MILK

DANNY ALMOST COULD NOT HEAR HIS MOTHER CRYING IN THE BEDROOM.

A WEEK PASSED. ANNIE CAME TO PLAY EVERY DAY.
2.

DANNY FELT GOOD. IT HAD BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE EVERYONE ATE SUPPER TOGETHER.
WHAT DID YOU DO TODAY, DANNY ?
I PLAYED WITH ANNIE.
WE PLAYED TAG, THEN WE RACED TO THE CORNER AND BACK. SHE BEAT ME TOO.
HOW COME SHE BEAT ME, DADDY? SHE NEVER USED TO BEAT ME.
WHOOSH!
I DON'T THINK THAT WAS VERY FUNNY, SON.
I'M SORRY, DADDY.
I DIDN'T MEAN TO LET HER BEAT ME.
YOU USED TO TELL ME TO LET HER WIN SOMETIMES, 'CAUSE SHE MIGHT CRY IF SHE ALWAYS LOST.
GO TO YOUR ROOM, DANNY.
I DON'T WANT TO SEE YOU UNTIL YOU CAN STOP YOUR LYING.
3.

DANNY WOKE TO HIS MOTHER'S VOICE RAISED IN LAUGHTER.
HE HEARD HIS MOTHER SHOUTING: "I SAW HER! SHE WAS HERE LAST NIGHT!"
YOU DIDN'T SEE ANYONE LAST NIGHT!
NO! ANNIE WAS HERE LAST NIGHT!
I WOKE UP AND SHE WAS STANDING THERE WATCHING US!
I CALLED TO HER, BUT SHE DISAPPEARED.
SMAK!
4.

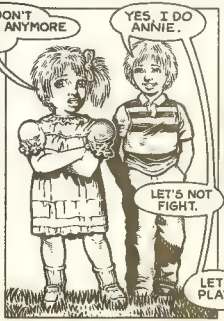

DANNY'S MOTHER FINALLY FELL INTO A FITFUL SLEEP AND DANNY LET HIMSELF OUT.

HI, DANNY.
READY TO PLAY?

MOMMY WANTS TO SEE YOU, ANNIE. WHY CAN'T THEY SEE YOU, ANNIE? THEY MISSED YOU WHEN YOU WENT AWAY.
NO THEY DIDN'T!

IF THEY LOVED ME THEY WOULDN'T HAVE LET ME LEAVE. THEY WOULDN'T HAVE LET ME FALL OUT OF THAT TREE IF THEY REALLY LOVED ME.

THEY DO LOVE YOU, ANNIE. THAT WASN'T THEIR FAULT.
IT WAS A ACKSENT.
NO IT WASN'T!
IT WAS THEIR FAULT!

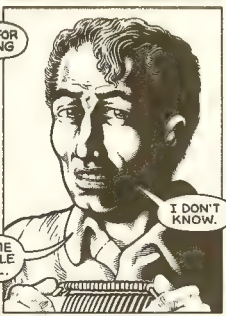

YOU DON'T LIKE ME ANYMORE TOO.
YES, I DO ANNIE.
LET'S NOT FIGHT.
LET'S PLAY.

5.

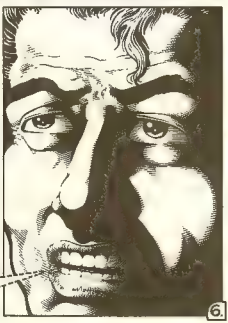
DADDY, WHAT'S WRONG?!
UH,
UH,
UH....

I WAS COMING HOME LIKE NORMAL, DRIVING WITHOUT REALLY THINKING. I HAD JUST PASSED THE 7-11 AT THE CORNER WHEN I SAW HER.

I SAW HER OUT OF THE CORNER OF MY EYE. SHE RAN TOWARDS ME, FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT SHE WAS GOING TO RUN IN FRONT OF THE CAR.
WHO?
I'M NOT SURE.
SOME LITTLE GIRL.


I DON'T KNOW.

DAMN YOU, TELL ME WHO YOU SAW!
WHO?


IT WAS ANNIE.
6.

DANNY. IT'S ME, ANNIE.
WHATTA YOU WANT, ANNIE? I CAN'T PLAY NOW.
IT'S TOO LATE.

COME WITH ME, DANNY.
I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO GO OUT AFTER DARK, ANNIE.

MOMMY AND DADDY DON'T LOVE YOU ANYMORE, DANNY. COME WITH ME. WE'LL MAKE A NEW HOME.
YOU 'N ME ?

OKAY...
I GUESS SO.

DO YOU THINK MOMMY AND DADDY WILL MISS ME VERY MUCH, ANNIE ?

I THINK THEY'RE GOING TO MISS YOU A WHOLE LOT, DANNY.

END.

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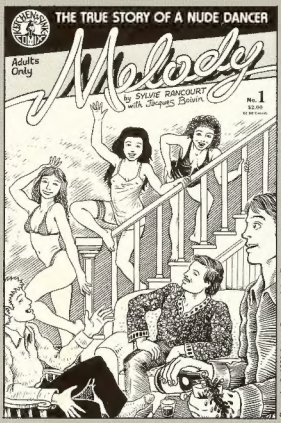

Melody, by Sylvie Rancourt and Jacques Boivin is our newest comic. It tells the factual story of Sylvie Rancourt's own experiences as a married woman living in rural poverty in Canada, her journey to the big city in order to become a nude dancer, and her life in this exotic subculture! An adult only comic, Issue 1 is on sale now!

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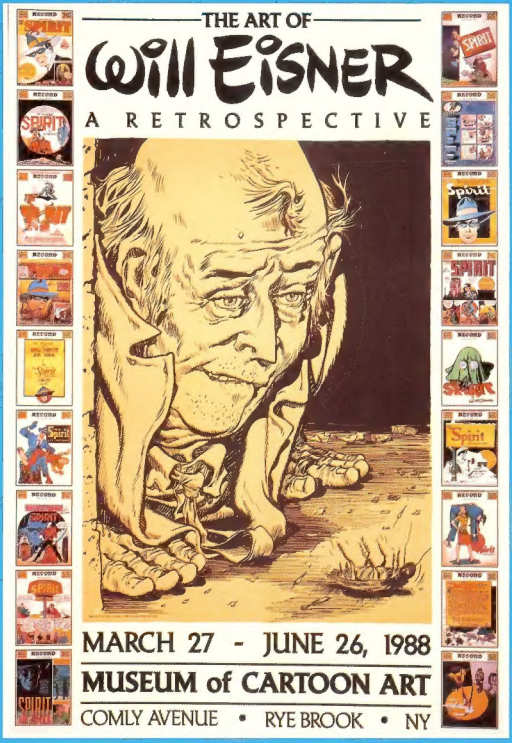
Eisner Retrospective Deluxe 6 Color Poster Out in June



An exhibition of the art of Will Eisner began in March at the Museum of Cartoon Art in New York. To commemorate it, we've designed a giant, deluxe six-color poster featuring a lead character from *A Life Force*, Eisner's graphic novel, in the center, and ringed by full color *Spirit* splash pages from the 1940s! There are two versions. One is a deluxe, 25 by 39" signed poster, limited to 950, printed on a stiff, acid-free rag card stock with light resistant inks. $50. The other is a six color beauty, 24 by 36" printed on 80 pound enamel stock. $10. Both are great pieces of art and will be ready in June. They will be available to your favorite comics shop! Reserve yours now, or order from us: Kitchen Sink Press, 2 Swamp Rd. Princeton WI 54968. Add $3 shipping.